

Bristol, England - Oct. 1847 -

Dear Mr Chapman

With the following lines, handed  
to me for the purpose by the invitation of a venera-  
ble minister of the Gospel be adapted to the Liberty  
Bell? They are a memorial of our nation's  
abandonment of its mighty sin, & they speak  
words of hope to you. They are too a voice  
from the dead; the warm enthusiasm of the  
writer led him to spend the evening of  
his days in writing on the enormous sin  
of <sup>American</sup> Slavery, and his last effort to appear in  
public was to hear your eloquent  
countryman, Frederick Douglass, give his  
noble testimony in our city.

Yours most truly  
M.C. -



Lines written Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> 1838, when Slavery  
ceased in the British Dominions West India Isles.

It is done — and the struggle is past,  
The struggle continued so long;  
Achieved is the victory at last,  
And right now prevails over wrong.  
Ye friends of humanity! 'raise,  
(The occasion demands it no less,)  
To Heaven your ascriptions of praise,  
Your efforts who crown with success.

This day, which now after a night  
Of gloominess, opens in smiles,  
Commences an era more bright  
In our hitherto slave cultured Isles.  
There many glad voices, no doubt,  
Will hail, as with reason they may,  
With a loud and a capacious shout,  
The earliest dawn of this day.



For the Demon that millions enslaved  
This day from his throne there is hurled;  
And where his black pennon had waved,  
There Freedom's white banner's unfurled.  
Wonder not if around it they throng,  
With joy never tasted before,  
'Tis the pledge that the yoke, which had long  
Oppressed, — shall oppress them no more.

O Freedom! the noblest boon  
Vouchsafed unto mortals below,  
May the whole human family soon  
Thy full import be given to know!  
While the terrible power, upheld  
By the fetter, the scourge, & the chain,  
Looms the woe he long injured, expelled,  
Never show his dark visage again!

Philanthropists! — Throw away fears!  
This day bids you raise your hopes high;  
When the first fruits began to appear,  
Who doubts that the harvest is nigh?



Persevere! - and the Demon whose birth  
Is from Hell, you shall speedily see  
Driven to his own place from the earth.  
And all born of woman made free!

J. M.

Poem for Liberty  
Bill 1847

For Mrs. Liberty Bell